Branded

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by TigerPrawn

Summary

Will sees Hannibal's Verger brand for the first time.

It had been a day unlike any other Will had known. A day all others had built towards.

From those years in Baltimore to the year since, on the run and healing. It had felt, until a few weeks ago, that they were in limbo. But then things had changed. Slowly things had become less rigid and then one day Hannibal had taken Will's hand.

It was the first time he'd tried to and Will hadn't felt the need to pull away, as he might have done at any earlier point. They were more attuned than ever.

From that day their friendship had slowly returned, but with more. Meal times were how they had been back before things had become complicated, and now Hannibal might take hold of Will's hand as they spoke, or he might brush a kiss to his cheek as they said good night and went to their own rooms.

Will couldn't deny that he had wondered more than once about being physical with Hannibal. He never had been with a man before. And whilst he had always considered himself straight, it dawned on him that it was because he had never thought to consider anything else, had never been raised to even think it. And now that he looked at Hannibal and felt an adoration that was reflected back at him, the physical progression of this thing between them had not seemed daunting or strange. It had felt right.

It had felt warm and soft. And it had all built to this day.

A day where Will found that he wanted more than just to progress those light touches, he wanted to burn himself indelibly into Hannibal's body and soul

They had kissed after dinner, tasting lingering flavours on each other's tongues.

Kissing was something that Will wasn't sure was ever going to happen or whether he even wanted it to. He loved Hannibal, was *in* love with him, he wasn't going to deny that. But for the longest time he hadn't considered it to be physical.

Until he did, until one of Hannibal's soft touches had set a fire through him that he'd pulled Hannibal into a tentative kiss. Hannibal's response had been equally tentative and they spent most of the evening on the sofa kissing and caressing. Slow and gentle as though not to break this spell they found themselves in.

It was Will who had asked if they should relocate to the bedroom and he hadn't missed the way Hannibal had shuddered.

Will breathed heavily as Hannibal guided him onto his back in the centre of Will's bed. The option there was clear, that if Will wanted to stop at any point, if he wanted Hannibal to leave, he would do so without hesitation. This was Will's space, Will was in charge.

He was shuddering too now as Hannibal hovered above him.

They were both still dressed and he wasn't even sure if that would change, but it felt so unimportant. Maybe they would just lie down and kiss some more, hold each other. There wasn't the heavy weight of expectation Will had felt with previous lovers.

With Molly especially, where there had seemed something to prove on both sides of that convenient and ill-fated relationship. He had been trying to be 'normal' to be someone he wasn't and tried to make himself move on from Hannibal. She had been trying to pretend she was over the love of her life, but the ghost of her dead husband loomed large in their lives. Even so, they might have made it work in their own way if he hadn't been pulled back to Hannibal.

The man who now settled over him, the long line of his body pressing down so that Will had to spread his legs to give him room. When he leaned in and softly teased Will's lips with his own, Will could feel the weight of arousal against his own.

It was something he hadn't really allowed himself much time to consider before, but he couldn't ignore how deeply arousing it was.

Will let out a shaky breath when Hannibal pulled back to look at him.

“Is this too much?” Hannibal asked softly.

Will shook his head, “It’s fine. Just… new. Not bad new, just different.”

“I am aware how daunting this must be. I have been with men before, I would make the guess that you have not. And even so, there has always been so much more between us than just the physical that even for me this is incredibly overwhelming. In that sense, it is new for me too.”

Hannibal smiled softly and Will let out a sigh of relief.

“I think I’d like to keep doing whatever this is we’re doing.” Will breathed out the words.

Hannibal’s delight was clear and he resumed kissing Will, first caressing their tongues together before he moved down to kiss at Will’s neck.

Will panted, turned on not just by the lips on his skin but the roughness of Hannibal’s light stubble. He definitely wasn’t as straight as he’d always assumed he was.

When Hannibal’s hand snaked up under his t-shirt, fingers gliding up and then over a nipple, Will’s breath caught and then was released on a moan. He couldn’t help but arch up, driving their cocks together as he enjoyed the sensation of being touched like this.

It felt like it had been so long. And in truth Will wasn’t sure he’d ever really been touched like this before. Not with the sort of emotions at play here. It was the first time he could recall not feeling vulnerable.

“That feels good,” Will said as Hannibal teased over his nipple again.

“Hmm,” Hannibal hummed against Will’s neck for a moment before sitting up to start pushing up Will’s top. He was slow in his actions, his eyes on Will’s just in case he wanted to stop this, but instead Will moved to raise his arms so that Hannibal could pull his top off.

Will appreciated the hesitancy but so far it was unnecessary. He slipped his hand immediately around the back of Hannibal’s neck and drew him down into a kiss. One that didn’t last long because with a hum Hannibal broke the kiss and moved again, kissing down Will’s chest until he was nuzzling at one of his now exposed nipples.

“Fuck,” Will spat the word as he arched up, his cock pressing against Hannibal’s torso. Hannibal groaned and pressed down, crushing Will under perfect friction.

Will was panting hard when Hannibal started to move again. Tentative once more, raising his head to look up to see any sign of doubt in Will. Will just stared back at him, eyes wide and eager.

Hannibal continued slowly kissing down, each move the slowest it could be to the point where Will was becoming impatient for what would come next. What Hannibal would do next.

When Hannibal moved onto his knees, Will felt the loss of his weight keenly. He'd never before thought about being pinned under someone as he might be one of his weighted blankets, but now that Hannibal had pulled back he felt untethered.

"Hannibal…" Will said breathlessly.

Before he could say anything else, Hannibal flicked open the button on Will's jeans. Will drew in a sharp breath, his cock achingly hard, all he wanted was for Hannibal to go quicker. Whatever he was going to do, Will wanted it now.

"Yes, Hannibal. Please…"

At that Hannibal moved a little quicker, unzipping Will's fly and tugging his jeans down just a little, just enough to give access.

"Oh god," Will gasped, closing his eyes and throwing an arm across his eyes as he prepared for what was to come.

The sound that broke from him when Hannibal gently pulled his cock free from his underwear and jeans was alien to him.

"Oh god," he muttered again, his heart thundering in his chest.

This was really going to happen. He hadn't even considered anything like this until he had met Hannibal, and even then not until quite some time into their acquaintance. But now he couldn't think of anything else. Or anyone else.

"Fuck," Will gasped as he felt Hannibal's hot breath on his cock, felt himself strain and pulse. His cock twitched and met Hannibal's lips, making him groan but it was a moment more before Hannibal's lips closed over his crown.

Will couldn't catch his breath when Hannibal enveloped his cock, teasing his tongue over his slit as he sank down on it.

Tears stung at the corner of Will's eyes, betraying how overwhelming this was. Not that he wanted it to stop. He desperately didn't want it to stop even though he could already feel his balls drawing up. He couldn't help but be thankful at the slow, almost teasing, way that Hannibal sucked him. Any faster and Will would already be coming.

Will was practically whining and writhing as Hannibal continued to give him the most masterful blowjob he'd ever experienced. One arm still over his eyes, Will's other shot down into Hannibal's hair on a particularly hard suck, Hannibal's tongue swirling around his cock as he drew back and then plunged back down.

"Oh fuck, Hannibal…" Will whimpered as Hannibal moved to position himself better and then took the base of Will's cock in one hand and gently fondled his balls with the other. That was when he sped up, pulling back to just suck and bob on the head and a little lower, his hand stroking the remainder that wasn't in his mouth.

“Hannibal!” Will cried out as he felt his climax building, his balls drawing up tight as Hannibal continued in intensity and speed until Will was unable to even try and stop himself from coming hot and hard into Hannibal’s mouth.

Hannibal milked him with hand and mouth, swallowing down every drop as Will emptied himself fully. And even then he continued to suck and mouth reverently at Will’s cock until Will had to push him back from how sensitive he’d become.

When Hannibal finally drew off Will felt as though his body was going to sink into the bed, he felt boneless and floaty as he sobbed into his arm and Hannibal tucked him gently back into his underwear.

He trembled at the thought of part of himself being inside Hannibal, a connection they would always have. Will just wished it was something more permanent. Something more than consummation, more than wedding bands.

“Will?” Hannibal’s words were gentle as he came up to lie next to Will. Will felt the hesitation there a moment before Hannibal pulled him into his arms.

“I’m okay,” Will muttered, finally moving his arm and allowing Hannibal to cradle him. “It was a lot. I’ve… I’ve separated myself from sex over the years. The physical act of it, separate from emotions. It was overwhelming…”

Hannibal nodded and pressed a kiss to Will’s curls, and he knew he didn’t need to explain further.

“Give me a minute and I’ll-”

“No, Will.” Hannibal replied softly, “We can explore more another time. Let me just hold you.”

Will nodded and felt a weight lift, one he hadn’t even known was there. He wanted to reciprocate. He wanted to do a lot of things with Hannibal that he hadn’t even considered a few years ago, but this was a lot. And he could feel that it was as overwhelming for Hannibal. They needed to step back for a moment and gather themselves again, with no expectations.

Hannibal shifted to make himself more comfortable in Will’s bed, not letting go of him. Will felt Hannibal’s arms still around him as he drifted off to sleep, dreaming of what it would feel like to be as deeply connected as this in every way possible.

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Hannibal woke with the blankets of Will’s bed over him, realising one of them must have pulled them up during the night. Probably Will given that he was shirtless.

They lay on their sides now, Will spooned against his back, his arm loosely over Hannibal’s hip.

He wasn’t sure how many times he had dreamt of this moment.

Even so, he had to acknowledge that they had fallen asleep in Will's bed and he might be intruding in Will's space now. Once he woke would he wish Hannibal weren't there? Even if he had no regrets about the night before, he might not be appreciative of having Hannibal in his space.

To rectify this, Hannibal slowly began to pull away, hoping not to wake Will.

But apparently there was no avoiding it, as Will's arm slipped tighter around his waist and held him there.

"Don't go," Will muttered in a sleep-heavy voice.

"I thought you might like your space," Hannibal replied gently.

"I like you in my space," Will murmured, nuzzling his face against Hannibal's shoulder.

At that Hannibal relaxed back, humming his contentment as Will began to slide his hands up under his shirt.

"Want to feel you," Will pressed himself against Hannibal so that he could feel his hard cock against the small of his back. "Will you take your shirt off? I just want to feel you, it doesn't need to be more than that."

Will was sincere and breathless as his fingers moved up the front of Hannibal's shirt and stroked over his chest hair.

Hannibal murmured his ascent as Will drew his hands back out from under the shirt to then begin fiddling with the buttons until Hannibal had to assist and they both chuckled lightly.

It was very clear from his movements that Will didn't want them to rearrange themselves at all, he simply wanted to remove the layers, or at least that one layer.

Hannibal shrugged out of his shirt as best he could and pulled up his undershirt, having to shift a little to do so. When he dropped them over the side of the bed, Will instantly pulled him back against his chest, his lips to the nape of Hannibal's neck.

Hannibal moaned at the contact and he felt Will throb against him in response.

They might never experience anything further than these sexual acts and yet it was one of the most erotic experiences of Hannibal's life. The most intense.

He enjoyed sex, he knew he was a pleasing lover, but he had never before felt this tight ball of pleasure, the flutter of butterflies all the way through his core. That was something he'd never expected to feel, and never before had sex been anything more than an enjoyable way to pass the time. Or to manipulate.

All that seemed stripped away now and Hannibal felt something he hadn't felt since he was a very young man.

Vulnerable. And there was a sort of elation to it, being able to bare himself entirely to someone else. Someone he loved.

He shivered as Will's lips moved over his flesh, from his neck to his shoulder and then down. Will's hand clutched at his bicep, as though anchoring himself, but there was also something like intrigue in the way his fingers stroked and gripped. Hannibal had considered how gratifying it would be to be the first man that Will Graham explored in this way, but it did this no justice.

Hannibal's breaths came in heavy pants and he arched and writhed, his rump pushing against Will's crotch as his own cock throbbed. He would gladly let Will have him, but knew that it might be too much for him to voice that out loud, so instead he simply whimpered and enjoyed what Will gave him.

He felt Will's lips travel further down, over skin that had never quite regained full sensation, and at that Will stopped.

His hand moved from Hannibal's arm to his back, coming up to feel the flesh his lips had just found. With a gasp Will drew back.

Hannibal felt Will's breath come out as a shudder as he ran a finger over the Verger brand on his back.

"Fuck, wh-"

Hannibal blinked.

It wasn't something that came up in conversation, and they had never been shirtless in this way around each other. And whilst Hannibal would happily ignore it and continue, it had acted like a wash of cold water over them and he could feel Will flagging.

Hannibal shook his head and moved to look back over his shoulder at Will.

"When I was in his barn," Hannibal replied with his usual cool amusement. "He had me branded, like one of his pigs. Which was fitting considered he planned to eat me. With your face as I recall."

He felt as much as heard the grumble in Will's chest as Will moved and pulled Hannibal over so that he was on his back looking up at Will.

Will searched his face as though looking for something deeper.

"You find it amusing? He permanently branded his name onto you."

"I find it amusing that, try as hard as he might, he was not able to best me. Even with a whole army of men at his disposal, I am still here and had thoroughly humiliated him before his passing." Hannibal watched Will's face as he spoke and saw the anger there.

And it felt like some of it was aimed at Hannibal as much as at Verger. He clearly wanted Hannibal to care more about this.

“Damn,” Will muttered and shook his head with a frown. “I bet you didn’t even break a sweat when he did it.”

“It was fascinating, actually.” Hannibal confirmed, not missing the way Will almost snarled at that. “His man, Cordell, had the honour, as well as explaining to me exactly how Mason intended to have me butchered and served. It’s rare that we are given such an insight into the depths of someone’s ill feeling towards us. Despite it being trope in the movies, I can’t imagine many explain in such detail exactly how they intend you to die. It was an interesting experience, to anticipate one's death in that way.”

“Fuck.” Will moved quickly, swinging his legs off the bed and sitting up, as though he might get up and leave.

“I’ve upset you.” Hannibal ventured, deciding not to reach out, not until he was more sure of Will’s feelings. Ever unpredictable.

“It’s just… I don’t know how you can be so blase about another man’s name on your skin. Marking you like that.”

Hannibal didn’t respond immediately, though he had opened his mouth to do so and then stopped. His first thought had been to explain that not only did he not view it in that way, it was Will’s own outlook that influenced that opinion. But it struck him that perhaps there was more to those words.

Hannibal considered for another moment before asking, “It isn’t about Verger is it, or his mark on me? The mark of a dead man is no mark at all, I know you must understand that. But it irks you on a deeper level to consider that someone else has a claim on me.”

Will scoffed at that and looked back over his shoulder at Hannibal.

“Are you saying I’m jealous?”

“Yes,” Hannibal replied, moving to sit himself and hesitating only a moment before he positioned himself behind Will and moved forward so that his own legs fell to either side of Will’s and it was now his chest against Will’s back.

“That’s exactly what I’m saying.” He murmured behind Will’s ear. “And jealousy is irrational. Once you have spent some time considering this, you will see that the brand simply has no significance. To me, or to us.”

He felt Will shudder when he said ‘us’, and allowed himself in that moment to press his mouth to Will’s nape. He nuzzled gently as he stroked a circle over Will’s back, mirroring his brand.

“Shit, you might be right.” Will shook his head and chuckled, relaxing in increments.

“You can mark me if you like. If that’s what it takes for you to understand that I could be branded a thousand times over and belong only to you.”

“You make me sound like a possessive-”

“Aren’t you? I am. I have never felt more so in my life than with you. I’d be tempted to slit the throat of anyone who so much as looked at you amorously, but instead I must content myself in knowing that whilst many might desire you, you belong only to me.”

“Fuck,” Will said again, but this time the word was almost a gasp and Hannibal could feel Will’s heart racing.

Will stood abruptly and turned, pushing Hannibal down onto the bed and then climbing over him.

Hannibal grinned and let out a pleased murmur as they gazed at each other for a long moment.

“I am yours,” Will acknowledged. “And you’re mine. No matter what.”

“Yes,” Hannibal agreed.

The word was followed by a shudder as Will began to unfasten Hannibal’s trousers. The movements fast and frantic as they both began to harden anew. Hannibal’s own hands found Will’s still unfastened jeans and began to push at them, an action that caused Will to first moan and then to move back, stand up and push his jeans all the way off before moving back over Hannibal.

Their mouths found each other in a hungry kiss that was very much instigated by Will. So Hannibal didn’t feel hesitant in reaching down and sliding his hand into Will’s underwear and gripping his hard length.

Will hissed at the touch and then moaned and pressed himself forward, his hips pushing his cock into the circle of Hannibal’s fist.

“Fuck,” Will muttered as he scrambled to get his own hands back on Hannibal, pulling open his trousers and pulling out his hard length.

Once it was in his hand though, Will hesitated, as though unsure what to do next despite his enthusiasm. As a guide Hannibal rubbed his own thumb over the tip of Will’s cock, collecting the precome and starting to stroke it down Will’s cut cock.

Moment of hesitancy over Will moved his fist up to the crown of Hannibal’s cock, closing his fist around it and gently drawing down the foreskin as Hannibal let out a gasp of his own.

Pressed together, with only enough space between them to stroke each other, they continued to pump and writhe whilst panting and kissing. It was as intimate as Hannibal had ever wanted to be with anyone. But he needed more, just a little more.

Taking a moment to shift them both slightly, he wrapped his hand around both of them and began once more.

Will groaned and pressed his forehead to Hannibal’s. He took a few slow breaths before his hand moved alongside Hannibal’s and then moved in unison.

The press of their heated flesh together was mesmerising, Hannibal had never felt such an internal reaction before. His entire core shivered, a strange sensation that had him careening towards climax.

“Will,” He gasped in warning and felt Will nodding his head.

“Gonna come,” he agreed.

They writhed and rutted as their hands moved together, stroking faster and harder as they panted against each other’s mouths.

“Mark me, Will.” Hannibal rumbled the words low and felt Will shudder.

“Fuck,” Will muttered, his whole body shaking for just a moment as he began to grunt and then tense.

Hannibal spilled the moment he felt Will’s seed hit his belly.

“Unghh,” Will continued to grunt and stroke them and come until it seemed almost endless. Even when Hannibal became a little sensitive, he didn’t stop Will from continuing. He was almost in pain by the time Will slowed and stilled his strokes, their damp foreheads pressed together as they continued to pant.

“Damn… I…” Will started as he began to move.

Hannibal stopped him, keeping him on top which prompted Will to move back enough to look down at him, questioning.

“You’ve marked me Will, I’m yours. And if you want something more permanent I will fetch a knife and let you carve your initials into my flesh.”

Hannibal half expected Will to laugh at him, at his earnestness, because he was deadly serious. He would wear Will Graham’s initials with pride. It was a relief when Will didn’t laugh but instead let out a shuddering breath and leaned in to kiss him again.

Hannibal allowed Will to move then, shifting until they were both on their sides, facing each other and gently caressing.

“You really mean it don’t you. You’d let me brand you.” There was so much adoration in Will’s voice that it made Hannibal ache, more than he ever had before.

“I would.”

Will let out a soft chuckle then, breaking the tension, and Hannibal brushed a curl back from his face. They both smiled softly at each other and Hannibal wondered if they would ever talk about this again. Or maybe one day he would find himself pinned down at knife point as Will branded him.

He felt that shiver within him once more at the thought of years ahead of him enjoying Will Graham’s unpredictability.

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